

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 4

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



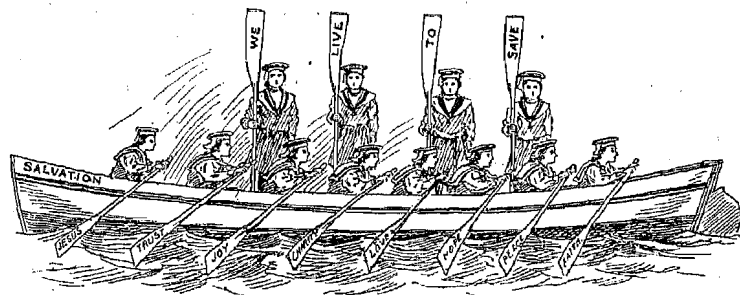
"We're Marching on
to War!"



"Oh, the General's dream, that
noble scheme,
Gives John Jones work to do."



"Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying."



"Over and over,
Like a mighty sea,
Comes the love of Jesus,
Rolling over me."



SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE GREAT SEVENTEENTH
BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Australasia Revisited

OR,
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM-
MISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER XIII.

ORGANIZATION.

This will be a dull chapter to that section of my readers who expect every chapter to contain an unexpected and sensational incident, with a touch of the harrow in it, and a glowing and glorious finish. This is simply to tell that Major led a life of which the New Zealand public knew little. They watched his magnetic figure flit hither and thither, and marvelled at his dexterity and resource. He never faltered; he was never at a loss for a word, an answer to a critic or an opponent, or a plan of attack.

His rapidity of action was, however, by far the most conspicuous feature of his work in these days. Colonials flatter themselves on their readiness to face and overcome a difficulty, the New Zealanders especially. With an axe, saw, some nails, an old plough, spade, and a few other agricultural utensils, he plunged into a forest, cleared it of its giant trees, and in two or three seasons you saw him thriving, and contemplating the erection of a church, school, and a mechanics' institute.

But Major Pollard left the average Colonials little elbow-room for the occasional entertainment of boasting what he had done, could do, and would do. Major Pollard stopped at nothing. He swept from one end of the Colony to the other, directing the general conduct of the war, negotiating buildings, securing Candidates, instructing and inspiring officers, and organizing corps on the model of what he had seen and been taught in the Old Country.

Started a "Cry."

Besides all this he had to provide for the literature and singing needs of the movement. Major Pollard had to start, write for, edit, print and publish a War Cry! In itself, such a task—some of us know by experience—is no child's play; but in the case of Capt. Pollard—he had not been promoted to the rank of Major when the first issue saw the light—"copy" had to be collected in the midst of running a movement that was advancing by leaps and bounds, proofs corrected in the dead of the night, and pages finally passed and put on the machines under circumstances that would try the temper of an angel.

Having secured a printer and the co-operation of a few friendly but unreliable individuals, Pollard's next business was to draw up a program, which, in those days, was more difficult than the execution of it. The mortal, or rather the immortal, result is before us, and a creditable creation it is.

On the first page the young Editor made his first literary hit. The first column was occupied with the inevitable note about ourselves:

"Yes, thank God! we're making another bold advance on the kingdom of darkness by establishing a New Zealand War Cry. Only ten weeks have passed away since we landed here, and, oh, how blessed the result of our few weeks' work! How rapid the strides God has enabled us to make already!

"How sweet the songs of salvation bursting forth from hundreds of lips—aye, and from hundreds of hearts—in this colony to-day, where some few weeks (only a few weeks) ago all was darkness, sin and sorrow. 'What,' you say, 'has this been done here?' Yes, even here, and far more has been done than will ever be revealed in the columns of the War Cry.

"When we arrived we were told that we had come on a bootless errand; that the people here were beyond our reach; that there was not material for us to work upon; and that we had better have stopped at home.

"But we set to work to publish the old Gospel story of salvation in the old Gospel style, and the first meeting held sufficed to show us that there were hun-

dreds over here without God, and without hope, and we finished up with some seeking mercy. And now, looking back on the short time spent here, we are able to praise God that we have seen hundreds, of all ages, turning from sin to the world's Redeemer."

The second and third columns were taken up with a racy sketch of the genesis of the Salvation Army, while the fourth, or leader column, contained an address by the Army Mother. A hit—a distinct hit, we say, and one that even the distinguished gentleman that so mysteriously presides and edits this story will not be above admitting was most fitting and opportune.

The second page broke forth into war news—hot and sparkling. A Council of War in Dunedin, a flying visit to Christ church, rocket paragraphs, songs and other items were crowded into its compass, with this acrostic:

"N—ow's the day, and now's the hour,
E—ver near the Heavenly power,
W—ar the 'Cry' and peace the rest,

Z—eal and prayer the soldier's crest,
E—ver on and upward still,
A—ll for Jesus—not my will;
L—ord of Lords and King of Kings,
A—dvance as on eagle's wings,
N—ew life give till Zealand rings.
D—evils, fiends alike shall flee,

W—hen Thy glorious face they see.
A—ttend, sinners, to His call,
R—un, and at His footstool fall.

C—ry, and let this paper cry;
R—ejoice always, live up high;
Y—our title's clear and victory's high."

At Home and Abroad.

The third page was devoted to "The War at Home," by which we were to understand England. Pollard believed in having a song on every page, a plan which has several advantages. It ensures an audience opening the pages!

Then Pollard, true to his international learning, devoted the fourth page to the work of the Army in other lands—namely, India, Sweden—and an address by the General, so that you had, in the space of four large pages, matter which appealed to nearly every section of colonial life. Here is a gem from the General's pen:

"If soldiers run away, run after them. If they fall, pick them up. This must be done in the spirit of forbearance and tenderness also.

"If a man has done wrong, try to find out the temptation. Think how it might have happened with you under the same circumstances, and set to work to bring him back to Christ, in a pitying, compassionate spirit."

The War Cry was well printed and readable. Long primer type was used for the chief articles, and bourgeois and brevier for the others. It created a sensation. Everyone wanted to buy. Some purchased several copies, and would not part with them now, except for a small fortune, and some not at that.

Then, it was intended that five thousand copies of the song book should be issued; but, as a matter of fact, two corps swallowed them up in a few weeks, and the machines were kept going for weeks printing nothing but song books.

(To be continued.)

Naval and Military League.

Notes by Margaret Allen.

Seized his Chance

Beautiful stories of work during mobilisation have drifted slowly in. Leaguers are always quicker to do their work than to tell about it!

Brother Kat was the only Leaguer on H. M. S. Minerva, but he made up his mind to do his level best to do something.

"May I hold a meeting?" he asked the Commander.

"What denomination?"

"Oh, Salvation Army, Sir!"

"I don't know that there is any reason why you should not. If the men do not object, I do not."

"The men would like it, Sir."

"Then you may have it."

Accordingly, Tom brought out song books and started off with a solo. A crowd gathered to hear, and one after another suggested favorite numbers. Gradually the point was reached when straight talk was poured into the ears which did not refuse to hear, and how-

ever pointed the references the men stood still to listen.

Several meetings were held in this way, and when the Minerva reached Chatham, Tom thought the time was ripe for introducing an officer. Permission was granted for this also, and Adj. Greenland was brought on board to conduct a meeting. Half the ship's company was ashore, but out of the rest, two hundred attended, and respectful attention was given throughout.

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At Smyrna.

Brother Ames (H. M. S. Isis) says: "While at Smyrna a short time ago we had some glorious times ashore. On Sunday there was a meeting in the Smyrna Rest, when Greeks, Germans, Armenians, and one sailor of the United States Navy were present. I pleaded with the latter to give his heart to God, and, hallelujah, he got gloriously saved."

"I was asked to speak to the people of the Greek Congregational Church in the week, and, through an interpreter, I told them what God had done for me, and what He would do for them if they would only let Him.

"At Leghorn we had a hallelujah time in the Army—an English meeting—with a policeman standing at the door to keep out the crowd."

"In face of all these men around me who do not want to have anything to do with Jesus, I feel unequal to the problem 'How to get the Service men saved.' We live out the Christian life before them, and God knows how hard it is to do this—how the petty things of our life test our patience and temper. If some big sacrifice were to be made for Jesus, it would be so much more easy! However, God is with us—'He it is that doth go before thee; He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee,'—and, having this promise, I go on, realizing that God's word shall not return unto Him void."

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Bermuda Leaguers.

Something seems to have happened to the Bermuda military mail. Parcels go astray, letters are undelivered, communication has been greatly broken between the League Office and the Worcesters, but, hallelujah, the Worcester boys are keeping saved and going ahead finely. Private Howe has got the Corps Cadet system at work, in order that any who are thinking later of offering themselves for Salvation Army service, may be well up in the doctrines, methods and principles of the Salvation Army.

"I trust," writes he, "that out of my regiment shall come some of the most Blood-and-Fire officers that are to be found in the Army, then I shall feel that the time I have spent in the service has been owned and blessed of God, and I shall be able to look back on it with pleasure."

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"I'll be a Leaguer, Too."

"Well, yes," said a stoker in an Army prayer meeting, to one who was "fishing" in his neighborhood, "I've made up my mind to serve God, because those chaps who do always get on best in the Service."

"Is there not another reason, much stronger than that, why you ought to serve God?"

"I ain't got any other," he owned, honestly.

Larry—that was not the name he was christened by, but for his own sake I am not going to say what it was—Larry, of H. M. S. —, was much of the same opinion as that stoker. He wanted to get on, and on looking around his ship he saw that the men with the best records were Christians, that the "clean arms" belonged to the drunken and dissolute of the ship's company.

"Pon my word," he thought, "if those who haven't done best aren't Salvationists! I'm determined not to finish this commission with my present rating. I'll be a Leaguer, too!"

The praying party could not see into the lad's heart, and when he said he wanted to be a Christian and a Salvationist, they took him at his word and welcomed him heartily.

Never question a servant or child about family matters.

—♦—♦—♦—

Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.

—♦—♦—♦—

Never associate with bad company. Have good companions or none.

—♦—♦—♦—

Never cast your bread upon the waters hoping that it will return in the form of feed fruit cake.

EVIL SPEAKING.

By MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

Guard thy tongue, and guard it wisely,
Thence a world of evil springs;
Though it be a little member,
Yet it boasteth wondrous things.
It can whisper words of comfort,
It can wound or cheer the heart;
It can seal the bonds of union,
It can hurl them all apart.

It can cheer the sad and lonely
Like a beam of morning light;
O'er a gentle, loving spirit
It can throw a cruel blight.
We have need to guard it wisely,
And be careful what we say,
Lest we harm an erring brother,
Who may stumble by the way.

THAT POOR ARMY BONNET

By W. RITCHIE.

I was a stranger in the town, having been detained there over Sunday by the failure of two trains to connect. So the afternoon found me in the barracks enjoying the free-and-easy meeting.

In front of me sat a man and wife, both wearing some Army uniform. The man was apparently at home in the free-and-easy. His testimony was soul-inspiring and his face radiant. His wife sat beside him, but did not share any of her husband's joy. Her face wore a soul-hungry expression, as though she knew what it all meant, but did not share the blessing. It was her bonnet that riveted my attention. Such a sad looking bonnet it was, too. There seemed to be tears all over it, and it drooped down as though it was ashamed to be seen and wished that it could crawl out of sight somewhere and die an honest death; and well it might, for it had been so altered and changed that a careless observer might never notice that it was a hallelujah bonnet at all, and at one time was trimmed with Army blue, and a red band that told to all those who saw it that its wearer was a Salvationist, who worked and prayed for the salvation of the souls of the lost.

As I gazed at it that afternoon, with its folds and knots of black velvet trimming, surmounted by a large bow of black lace, I thought its wearer must be a person of less than ordinary intelligence, but just then I saw the face, and was surprised. The forehead was high and full, indicating intellectual development; the nose was rather long, of the Roman type, while the rather heavy but well-defined chin and firm mouth, indicated purpose and capacity. The eyes were large and kindly, but the look in them startled me. Oh, the soul-hunger that seemed to mark the whole face. An evident longing to share in the joy manifested by the other soldiers. She did not speak—I did not expect she would—and when the soldiers knelt in the prayer meeting she rose and left the hall, while the bonnet looked more dejected than ever.

The Bonnet's Message.

Th message of that Army bonnet to me has never left me. It told me of other days when its wearer was a power in the corps. Young and old were blessed by her life and testimony; but Satan came, as he did to Eve, and whispered that if she did not take such a self-denying stand people would think more of her, and she could do just as much for God, and be ever so much more respectable; and, alas! alas! she yielded, first a little, in not attending so many meetings, then some uniform was laid aside. She did not like to put off the bonnet altogether, for both herself and husband were local officers, and what would the soldiers say? So, one day she took off the red band—who could blame her for that? She thought how many sisters did not wear them at all. Later on the Army blue trimming disappeared, and plain black took its place, only to be followed by satin folds and knots, and a great bunch of black lace, and through it all the soul was dying. The old-time power was gone. The joy of the Lord no longer was her strength.

Some day soon the poor, distorted bonnet will be laid away and a hat of more elaborate proportions will take its place. Were it alive it seems to me that the old bonnet would be thankful that its life of hypocrisy was over, that it would no longer be compelled to adorn as an emblem of self-sacrificing salvation a soul on whose altar the fire had gone out, and from whom ten holy spirits had been driven away.

GAZETTE.

Promotions :-

ENSIGN BOGGS, of Harbor Grace Corps and Training Garrison, to be ADJUTANT.
 ENSIGN ORCHARD, of Palmerston, to be ADJUTANT.
 ENSIGN FOX, of Toronto III., to be ADJUTANT.
 ENSIGN KENDALL, late of Quebec, to be ADJUTANT.
 Capt. Hoddinott, of Strathroy, to be ENSIGN.
 Capt. Slote to be ENSIGN.
 Capt. Mary Branigan to be ENSIGN.
 Capt. Wm. Jones to be ENSIGN.
 Capt. McLeod to be ENSIGN.
 Lieut. Kaine, of Hamilton Rescue Home, to be Captain.

Appointments :-

ADJT. KENDALL, of Quebec, to Belleville Corps and District.
 ADJT. SCARR, of Bracebridge, to Lisgar Street.
 ADJT. CAMERON, of Barrie, to Bracebridge Corps and District.
 ADJT. WIGGINS, of Lindsay, to Barrie Corps and District.
 ADJT. FOX, of Toronto III., to Lindsay Corps and District.
 ENSIGN STAIGERS to Gananoque Corps.
 ENSIGN CRAWFORD, of Dresden, to Woodstock Corps.
 ENSIGN GAMBLE, of Woodstock, to Wallaceburg.
 ENSIGN GREEN, of Simcoe, to Strathroy Corps and District.
 ENSIGN WYNN, of Riverside, to Newmarket.
 ENSIGN SIMS, of Sherbrooke, to Barre Corps and District.
 ENSIGN WAKFIELD, of Petrolia, to Simcoe Corps and District.
 EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



Forward !

The recent Anniversary Councils have been like a halt in the battle. We have had a breathing spell and glanced for a moment over the victories of the past year. We need not be ashamed of the accomplishments of the last twelve months. We have blessed and encouraged each other; we have been newly inspired to more intelligent and persistent battling against the devil and His agencies by the burning, divine messages of our beloved Commissioner, and now we return to our various posts of the battlefield. Let us now be careful not to allow the blessings of these gatherings to be simply stored in our memory as a pleasant, enjoyable season that has passed, and go drudgingly about our duty, but let us use the instructions and inspirations as an increase to our working capital, as a reinforcement to our resources, and diligently set to work to apply them to the furtherance of the war. "Forward !" must be our watchword, and our face must be set toward the unconquered territory that lies before us.

The War in South Africa.

The much-dreaded catastrophe has come to pass; a hasty ultimatum from President Kruger has precipitated a war the end of which is not yet seen, although it can only terminate in the triumph of the British forces.

Now that war has begun, the International Headquarters of the Salvation Army is making speedy arrangements to

give relief, counsel, and assistance to the needy, sick and suffering of both Boers and British. An appeal for funds is made in the London War Cry to defray the expenses of organizing and supplying a brigade of Salvationists who will follow in the rear of the armies.

Our work in South Africa is represented at present among both nationalities, and different native tribes, viz.: Cape Colony, Natal Colony, Zululand, the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, Bechuanaland, and even away north in Rhodesia. As Salvationists, we are cosmopolitans and citizens of the One Country where war is an impossibility, for, as General Sherman rightly designates it, "War is hell"; it feeds all the lowest and darkest passions of the human heart. Let us unite in special prayer for our comrades in the affected countries and that the conflict may come to a speedy conclusion.

Major McMillan.

It will largely be known that for months Major McMillan has been in very unsatisfactory health. In spite of this he has bravely endeavored to remain at his post; but while in Toronto, immediately after the Anniversary Celebrations, he suffered from a serious attack of nervous prostration, which caused great anxiety for a day or two. While we are pleased to inform our readers that the Major is somewhat better, yet the nature of his illness demands that he should be at once released from all anxieties and responsibilities, which tax the nerves so heavily. The Field Commissioner is, therefore, arranging for the Major's farewell from his present command. Will our comrades remember Major McMillan especially in their prayers.

Staff-Captain Gage's Loss.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to our old and tried comrades, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Gage, who mourn over the loss of their baby boy, just eight months old. May the Saviour's comfort be the balm for the deep wound caused by the loss of the precious treasure. He doeth all things well.

Mixed Memos.

"The best councils I have ever had the privilege of attending," a prominent Chancellor said spontaneously, when passing a few moments in the Editorial Elysium.

"The Staff Band have helped considerably to make things enjoyable and pleasant," said a P. O. while rubbing his bony hands.

We regret to state that Major McMillan had rather a violent attack of sickness while in Toronto, on the Saturday after the councils, but we rejoice to know that he is considerably improved at the time of writing.

The Provincial Officers with their wives, and the heads of Headquarters Departments and their wives, graced by the presence of the Field Commissioner, and their photo taken for a memento of the 1899 councils, and for the benefit of the War Cry. We expect to reproduce the group in our next Cry.

A faithful and promising officer, Lieut. Murray Grey, of Springhill Mines, has just passed over the River. We have received only a telegram about this, but we understand that typhoid fever was the cause of the death of the Lieutenant. We expect to be able to give further details next week.

We have just received word that Bandmaster Scarrow, of St. Catharines, has been promoted to Glory. A full report with a photo of our departed comrade will appear in our next issue.

All Round the World.

THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General's Scottish Tour has been a remarkable one. The sixteenth meeting resulted in adding 102 converts to the list. Glasgow's total to date is 251.

Brigadier and Mrs. Powell, late of South America, are on furlough in England, owing to personal circumstances.

Major Astbury, the I. H. Q. Cashier, has just taken up the position of Treasurer to the Walthamstow Corps.

The exhibition of domestic pets, held in connection with the Wood Green Harvest Festival, proved a great attraction. Among the exhibits were a donkey—a four-legged one, of course—birds, mice, cats, rabbits, dogs, tortoises, etc. It was a splendid success.

On the Sunday morning of the Harvest Festival at South Tottenham Corps, the Bandmaster handed the plate around among the bandmen for their thank-offerings. Their donations amounted to \$35.

Whilst a workman was passing I.H.Q. his eye caught sight of the Army Mother's photo in the window. Having heard her speak in Sunderland many years ago, he remembered her words, and his soul became overwhelmed with religious feeling. He entered I. H. Q. and opened his mind to Adj. Penny and others who were about. The result was an adjournment inside the Cashier's office, where, after a long struggle on his knees, the man found salvation, testified, and went home rejoicing.

UNITED STATES.

The first of the series of special holiness meetings at the Memorial Hall, led by the Commander and Staff, saw twelve publicly seek the blessing.

The Commander has visited Wilkes-barre. Every building was packed to the doors.

The total H. F. receipts to date from 88 corps, whose targets amounted to \$3,962, have reached the sum of \$5,591.

Colonel Holland goes to New York Headquarters in charge of the Social Work.

Brigadier Brengle spent a splendid week-end at the Old Bowery. Three souls on Saturday night, six in the Sunday morning meeting, four in the afternoon, and three at night. \$46 collection for the Sunday.

Lieut.-Colonel Holz has been transferred from the Foreign Section at New York, to the command of the Ohio and Southern Chief Division.

BRITISH GUIANA.

At George Town, in British Guiana, the manager of the Electric Light Co. got saved, whereat the town began to talk. And well they might, for before he got saved he used to spend \$6 per day in drink! He is now in full uniform and a great help to the corps.

The season is unusually hot at George Town, and several of our soldiers, whilst out collecting for Self-Denial, have fainted in the streets. Still, they keep at it.

INDIA.

A telegram to Calcutta says: "Commissioner Higgins' Madras Campaign exceeded our most sanguine expectations, has been a triumphant success; large and enthusiastic crowds have

greeted the Commissioner at each meeting, and notwithstanding the intense heat the crowds have remained throughout and listened with unabated interest; Commissioner's addresses powerful and soul-stirring, demonstration of 200 day-school children with their drills and exercises caused unbounded enthusiasm; officers' councils unique."

The latest "India's Cry" gives the following interesting facts of our present standing in that land: Corps and Outposts, being villages in which Salvation Army operations are carried on, 1,445; Officers and Cadets, 1,236; Schools (a) Boarding and Industrial Schools 17, (b) Day Schools, 220; Dispensaries, 2; Training Homes for Officers, 13; Village Brotherhood Banks, 10; Rescue Homes, 4; A Farm Colony and two Peasant Settlements, including men, women, and children; A Prison Gate Home.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The Salvation Army Hotellerie Populaire in Paris has concluded its first year of existence. During the 12 months 69,029 have spent the night under its roof, that is to say, an average of 189. The Hotellerie has 240 beds, and is the second in importance of the Paris night Shelters, the first in rank having 264 beds.

The General is going to visit Switzerland during the last part of November. He will conduct great meetings in Lausanne, Basle and Berne.

The next session of the Training Home for officers will open on the 1st of November.

The old veteran officer, Major Schöch, has just ended a thorough tour in the Switzerland Province.

A post has been opened in Zug. The S. A. was heartily and most cordially welcomed. In connection with the opening services open-air meetings were conducted and attracted very large crowds of people.

The municipal corporation of Eimbach has most graciously placed at the disposal of the Army, for a Salvation Wedding, the Reception Room of the City Hall.

In the same place, a few days after, one of our officers conducted an open-air meeting. Manoeuvring troops crossed the place. The commanding officer sent ten soldiers, sword in hand, to scatter the meeting. The Salvationists did not move, and declared they were assembled in the name of the Lord and with the privilege accorded them by the charter of the country. The public having taken the part of the Salvation Army, the soldiers were obliged to retreat, leaving the field to our brave comrades.

JAMAICA.

Commissioner Railton conducted the Annual Demonstration at Kingston, and saw 75 souls at the Cross. There were about 60 officers present at the councils.

The Commissioner, in an article on "Jamaica," in the latest English Cry, says: "Our Jamaicans become more and more precious to me on closer acquaintance. Nowhere can we have smaller, and in many respects weaker, forces battling under the Flag (few corps here can afford an orthodox flag yet). Yet, year in, year out, they persevere with a perfection of faith for complete victory that cannot but tell wholesale in the long run."

Never give promises that you cannot fulfil.

Self-love and self-conceit fill the land with fools.

Religion should be the rule of life, not a casual incident to it.

OUR History Class.

I.—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XV.

ALEXANDER'S YOUTH.

Alexander the Great was the son of Philip of Macedon, and was born on the day his father won a great battle (356 B. C.). That same night the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was burned down by a madman, but was rebuilt with greater splendor afterwards.

Alexander's first seven years were spent under the care of Lanika, the noble woman whom he loved all his life. After that he was placed with a teacher, who taught him to learn by heart Greece's choice poetry. At thirteen his father had received a magnificent black horse which nobody was able to tame, and it was about to be sent away, when Alexander asked his father to let him have a chance. Having perceived that the horse was afraid of its own shadow he turned his head to the sun; then, after stroking and caressing it, he leaped on his back and sat firm while the horse leaped and bounded without whipping or shouting at the animal, till the horse was at last perfectly tamed. Here is a lesson for Salvationists. Philip was so delighted with the courage and gentle firmness that he called his boy a man and put him under the great Aristotle, as his pupil. The boy showed himself an apt scholar and learned much except how to control his fierce temper.

Alexander was proclaimed King of Macedon at the age of twenty, his father Philip having been assassinated. At that time only Sparta, among the Greek States, refused to acknowledge Macedon as the superior power. Alexander's first action was to go to Corinth and be elected as Captain-General of the Greeks to march to the conquest of Persia. All but Sparta acceded. Before going to Persia he wisely resolved to make his kingdom safe by subduing the wild tribes to the north of his kingdom. After four months' absence the Thebans thought he would not return and proclaimed themselves free from Macedonian power, only to be terribly punished on Alexander's return, who killed many and made the remainder slaves, dividing their lands between the adjoining cities.

Alexander was granted now all the men, money and stores desired. He mustered an army of 12,000 Macedonians on foot, 5,000 horsemen, 7,000 men from the Greek States, and 5,000 men who had hired out to the Persians, and were well acquainted with the Persian language, roads, customs, etc., having altogether 35,500 men with which to attack a tremendous empire. Alexander's idea was not only to conquer

Pacific Province.

Congratulatory Address to the Field Commissioner.

Honored and revered Commissioner:

Your Pacific Officers send greetings, and extend to you our most hearty congratulations upon the advent of the Seventeenth Anniversary of the Army in this Territory. Your Western Troops are marching forward. In spite of losses during the last two years we have considerably increased our soldier's rolls, extended our work, added to the number of our corps and officers and the value of property. Decided increases are also recorded in our income, *War Cry* sales and attendances. We never missed our Target in any financial efforts. Under your Leadership we march forward to greater things.

Yours in the fight,

Signed on behalf of your } THOS. HOWELL,
devoted Western Troops. } Provincial Officer.

that great Persian domain, but to teach the inhabitants the wisdom and free spirit of the Greeks, for Aristotle had taught him that to make men true, brave, virtuous and free was to be God-like.

At that time there was trouble in Persia and the government had been greatly weakened. The king's name was Darius, who had come to the throne in the same year as Alexander.

(To be continued.)

International Property Department.

MANAGEMENT OF ESTATES, ETC.

The International Property Department, which has the management of the Army's property in Great Britain, for some time past has acted as Agent on behalf of several friends and Soldiers in the Colonies and abroad, to their entire satisfaction.

The Department is prepared to undertake every kind of Estate Agency, including the selling and letting of properties, collection of rents, and general management of all kinds of real estate in any part of Great Britain.

Apply to the

International Property Department,
101 Queen Victoria Street,
London, England.



Officers of the Central Ontario Province.



West Ontario Warriors.

A FREDERICTON VETERAN AT REST

MOTHER ANDERSON PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Mother Anderson, one of the oldest soldiers of the Fredericton, N. B., corps, was promoted to Glory on Friday, Sept. 29th, after the second attack of a lingering illness. She had enjoyed a full measure of bodily strength, and had been a very hard-working woman. Her second illness was somewhat brief, and her call from toil and labor to eternal rest was a most happy release. A number of comrades visited her from time to time, and tried to cheer her with prayer and song. While she had strength she joined in her familiar and favorite songs. Mother Buchanan, the wife of our worthy Treasurer, was in faithful attendance up to the very last.

The funeral was held on Sunday morning, the 30th, conducted by Ensign J. K. Miller, in the absence of the District Officer. A large crowd, headed by the band, followed the remains to the grave, where a most impressive service was held.

The memorial service in the barracks on Sunday night, Oct. 8th, was largely attended. Mother Buchanan and Sergt.-Major Logan spoke with feelings of deep emotion, the former referring to the time, 14 years ago, when both knelt side by side at the penitent form. Mother Anderson's path was by no means a smooth one, but God wonderfully sustained her, and her end was full of hope and assurance for eternal life. The service was a most touching one, and we feel sure results will follow from the blessed influence felt in the service.—Adj. John McGillivray.

THE LEADER OF THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE

Major McMillan Readily Gives Information—Enrolling Soldiers—New Openings—Properties Increasing.

WHEN Major McMillan entered the Editorial Office we noticed that his recent illness had told evidently on him, although he claimed to feel in fair trim.



Major McMillan.

The Major has great faith for the North-West. He informed us that the emigration to Manitoba and the N. W. T. is increasing and farms are springing up on every hand. Especially the Dauphin district has been wonderfully populated during the recent year, somewhere near 10,000 people having come into it. Among the new settlers many are local officers and soldiers of the Army, who have written to us to send them officers and open up some corps in that district. The crops throughout the N. W. have been very good this year, and otherwise there is much prospect for the future of the Province.

"What are you going to do with the latest settlers of Manitoba, the Galicians and Doukhobors, Major?" we asked of the Prairie Provincial.

"The Galicians are mostly Roman Catholic; their language being rather difficult to learn, we have no chance to do anything among them, at present, anyway. The Doukhobors are a very strict religious sect. They don't believe in paid church officials and gather together at their homes for their peculiar mode of worship."

"I was glad to hear of your great faith in the future of the North-West and of the Army in your Province, but have you made any advances during the last 12 months?"

"Advance!" the Major exclaimed. "It's the North-West that makes the advances!"

"We have enrolled many soldiers. Our statistics record 1,024 conversions—men and women who knelt at our penitent forms, wept, prayed, and secured the pardon of God—not people who held up their hands, or standing to their feet, thereby signifying that they had a desire to be a Christian."

Genuine Conversions.

"Very good. Of course we only count as conversions such cases as come out to our penitent form and profess to have found salvation. What about the Juniors?"

"Oh, the Juniors are coming on nicely, indeed. I have enrolled 38 Junior soldiers during the past twelve months, recorded 107 conversions of children, and increased the Band of Love membership by 95."

"And how is your Province doing in raising officers?"

"We are doing well in that respect. Sixty Candidates' Applications have been received, out of which 28 have been accepted up to date; other cases are pending. Then, we have 18 Cadets in training in the different Garrisons of the Province."

"Have you opened any new places?"

"Yes. Six. We have opened five on Carman and Medicine Hat, both places doing exceedingly well. At Carman they received us with open arms. I have just received a letter from Capt. Hurst, of Medicine Hat, saying that the meetings are progressing nicely, and that we occupy at present the Opera House. A gentleman offered to build a barracks for us, if we should desire or need one. We have also invitations from several

other towns to come and open, which we shall do as soon as we can spare the officers for that purpose."

"And finances are —"

"Oh, they are all right. Of course, we have to work for what we get, but we find a ready response in the sympathies of the people of the North-West. Our officers work hard and willingly in the great Territorial efforts, as was again shown during the recent Harvest Festival effort, when we raised \$3,091.89, which is the largest sum raised by any Province."

"This is a splendid accomplishment, Major, and you, as well as your brave officers and soldiers, deserve great credit for it. And you are going in to make Self-Denial Week an equal success?"

"WE ARE IN FOR A GIGANTIC SMASH OF OUR TARGET; put that down!" (Other P. O.'s please note.—Ed.)

"And are you keeping step with the Pacific Province in Property matters?"

"The Pacific Province is holding our apron strings! Lethbridge is just now working out a property scheme, and has offered to raise \$600.00 to start with. Moose Jaw has its new barracks nearly finished. The corps collected \$700 toward the cost. I am going to open the building on the 28th of this month. Winnipeg will have to put off building operations till spring, but it will be a very creditable edifice when finished."

"Have you seen the plans of the new building at Rossland, B. C., which Brigadier —"

"Don't compare at all! Make a comparison between the City Hall and a flour mill —"

The Editorial man here remembered that Major McMillan was very busy and excusing himself for having detained him so long, bowed him respectfully out of the Editorial Den.

Voices from the North-West.

LETHBRIDGE.—Each day grows brighter, not only in the testimonies of the soldiers, but also in the career of the Army here. Never was so much enthusiasm shown by all the comrades to make this THE corps of the North-West. A grand treat came to us with a visit from Happy Jim Miller, from Fernie, B. C. "Glory" and "Hallelujah," and long, flowing hair streaming down his back, kept the people in one continuous cheer over the saving of such a sinner, but who is now enjoying a salvation full, present and free. Sunday, we were also favored with an address by Evangelist J. McKay, who is in town here occupying the pulpits of the local churches. Although the weather has not been of a very desirable nature, yet our marches are grand, as many as twenty-six turned out, nearly all in uniform.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

CARBERRY.—Mrs. Major Jewer with us for week-end meetings. Nice time in the open-air Saturday night. Sunday night, barracks packed. Monday night the Major and Captain had a meeting in the Methodist Church at Dempsey, some twelve miles out. This is the Major's first visit to our town, and we hope the time is not far distant when she'll favor us with another. Lieut. Woodworth has donned the red braid, farewelled and gone to Prince Albert. Lieut. D. Cusitar has taken her place here. Our people are very busy now threshing the golden grain. Thank God they know how to thrash the devil too. We mean to thrash him well.—Trifloria.

RAT PORTAGE.—On the invitation of Father Cook, who is an old soldier of the Ottawa corps, but has for some time been working in the different mines on the Lake of the Woods, I boarded the Shamrock bound for Camp Bay, to hold some meetings at the different mines in that neighborhood. I stayed in that neighborhood four days, and held services at three different camps. On Monday evening, at the Combine Mine, I gave the boys some music, which they seemed to appreciate. I left for Rat Portage on Tuesday feeling that should I return I should receive a hearty welcome, and praying that the seed sown would spring up and bear much fruit. The trip up the lake was very beautiful.—J. C. H.



Difficulties Met.

(Continued.)

III.

HOW DOES THE LORD CLEANSE YOU?

Turn to Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26, 27: "Then I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you." From some of your filthiness? God says, "From all your filthiness." "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart." He is not going to patch up the old heart; He is not going to do any needle-work inside; but He is going to take away the stony heart. "And I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes." I will cause you to walk! I will cause you to walk! I will cause you to walk! I would like to say it thirty times, my brother. I do not walk now. I do not preach now. I do not speak now. Glory be to God! It cheers me when I think that my Lord causes me to walk. When He cleanses me from all filthiness He possesses my heart, He keeps my heart, He works in me and through me. What He works in me is worked out. Glory, hallelujah! Read these verses carefully—Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26, 27 (above), Heb. xiii. 21, "Now the God of peace make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight." Col. i. 29, "Whereunto also labor, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily."

There was a time when I talked to the people, when I wanted to get the victory, when I made resolutions, when I said, "I will, I will, I will." But the Lord changed those "I's" into His "I's." You see, there are seven "I's" in those verses in Ezekiel, and they are all His. That is the beauty of it.

"Can't Keep It."

Some say, "I can't keep the law of God. I have tried, but I can't do it. I have made so many resolutions and have broken them. I did not want to lose my temper, but I did it. I don't want to speak harshly, but I do it. I don't want to speak against my neighbor, but I do it." Why? Because your "I will" is still there. When you realize God's "I" inside, and your "I" outside, it will be all right. I, I, I on the cross! Oh, glory be to God, it fills me with joy when I think of Himself in me. Will you believe that the Lord will cleanse you from all your filthiness now? As soon as you believe His cleansing from all filthiness, He cleanses your heart quite clean. As He comes in, out goes all uncleanness, and there is no hesitation about the filling, as He Himself is fulness. Col. i. 19, "For it pleased the Father, that in Him should all fulness dwell." Col. ii. 9, "For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Hallelujah!

I can't teach you the life more abundant, or His fulness, apart from the Scriptural heart-cleansing from all filthiness. By many of the 19th century teachers, the subject of Scriptural heart-cleansing has been greatly neglected. Some teach the people to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but they don't teach the people complete heart-cleansing before the indwelling power of Christ, or the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Some teachers who enjoy the cleansing and the fulness are afraid to speak it out lest they offend some one who don't believe the truth; and some others who

believe this truth and possess this fulness do not teach it clearly lest they offend the great theologians of the day. If you don't believe, it is your own fault. My dear brother, my sister, here is the fact, "I will cleanse you, and you shall be clean." No longer your work, no longer your fighting, no longer your watching, no longer your resolutions. The Lord God has undertaken to do the work for you. He will cause you to walk. He will cause you to speak. He will cause you to work. Now you are passive, He is active. You are the pen, He is the writer. You are to sit in the carriage, He drives the carriage. Wonderful work in you and through you! Heb. xiii. 21 (above).

The Lord did this work in me eight years ago. Oh, I thank Him! If it was not for the cleansing and filling, I would not have left India! If it was not for the fulness, I would not have left my wife and family, to go anywhere for Him! I put all on the altar for the choice of Christ and His fulness. Oh, it cheers me up! I don't know how to express it! My heart is full and running over!

Come to the Point

Will you come to the point now? Say, "I am willing to be cleansed from all filthiness, and will take Thee at Thy word. O Jesus, cleanse me from all evil. I do believe Thy word." Go down on your knees and claim this wonderful cleansing according to His word now.

With the cleansing part you have nothing to do. The Lord Jesus cleanseth the temple when He comes into it. You have nothing to do except to be willing to be cleansed, and to let Him do it. John ii. 15, "And when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them out of the Temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables." Then what else? "And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not My Father's house a house of merchandise." Christ cleansed all. He first comes inside the temple and drives the money-changers, oxen and cattle away. He takes a whip and says, "What business have you here? Don't you see, this is My Father's house? This is not a place of merchandise. Clear out; you are making money here." He turned the whole thing out. I imagine those people who were selling doves had a bit of a smile about them. They thought, "We are selling doves for sacrifice. I don't think the Lord will be hard on us," and I imagine they thought they were going to have a pretty good time in selling those doves. But Jesus said to them, "You, too, have no business here. Take away the doves." So He drove all things clean out, and took possession of the temple.

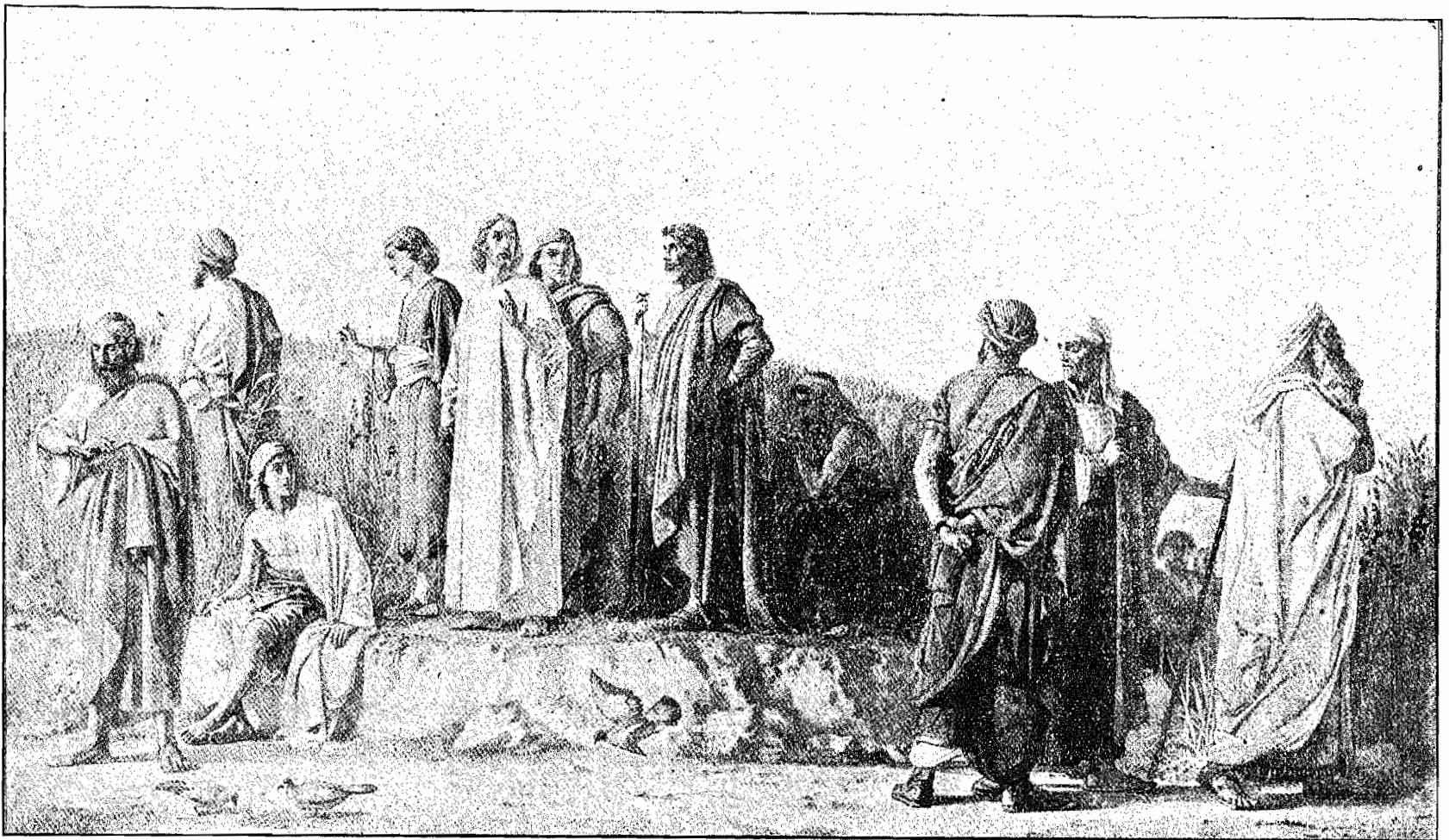
I tell you, you can't have any sinful things in your heart, for when Christ cleanses the temple, nothing unclean will be left, nothing! My wonderful Saviour cleanses, and cleanses wholly. I. Thess. v. 2, 3, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." Christ cleanses clean, clean, every whit.

Take the temple where the Lord was. There were three places—the outer court, the inner court, and the holy of holies. The outer was just as clean as the inner court; the inner court was just as clean as the holy of holies; and all the furniture inside was clean. The furniture that could not bear water had to go through fire. The furniture that could not bear fire had to go through water. God compares that to what? To a Christian. I. Cor. vi. 10, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" and II. Cor. iii. 16 (R. V.), "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" The Christians are the temples. Do you mean to say God is going to leave anything unclean in His temple? He does the work thoroughly.

Can't do It Yourself

You can't cleanse yourself. He does the work, but He wants your consent to it. Will you believe that He cleanses you now? I have seen many Christians get up in meetings and say, "Lord, cleanse me!" but they never believed that He had done it. They ask for it, but they do not get it, for they never believed, and they went away as they came in. You pray, but you do not receive. You only believe in your head; you don't believe in your heart. Head-believing will never give you a blessing unless you believe with your heart. Would you believe that Jesus Christ does cleanse you now? See in Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26, 27 (above), how the Lord cleanses.

(To be continued.)



CHRIST REPROVING THE PHARISEES.

Luke vi, 1-5.



OPPOSITION TO CHRIST.

Mark iii, 22-35.

The involuntary hostilities which have ever been and must ever remain between the powers of light and darkness, are the only explanation for the many enmities shown towards the beautiful and wonderful life of our Lord Jesus Christ while on earth, which would else be unexplainable. The opposition of the Pharisees was no strange thing. The spotless purity and ungainly power which attended the irreproachable life lived amongst their covered transgressions and impotent moral force could not but produce an antagonistic demeanor. Hate Him, scorn Him as they might, they were yet forced to recognize the superiority of the force of His character and the influence of His miracles. Knowing this, men wearing the garb of religious devotees, but having the hearts of enemies of the real righteousness at once set to work to scheme strategem which should overthrow a power likely to prove so fatal to their own.

The servants of the devil are often clever as they are crafty and they are not slow to find out what will be the most effective means to secure their ignoble end of dragging the inherently pure through the mire and calumny and slander in the eyes of the world. Would God that the children of light were as awake to the necessity of knowing and making use of their foe's most vulnerable point.

But the enemies of Jesus took upon themselves a hard task when they determined upon the extinguishing of the light of Jerusalem. They could not hope to change or decrease the goodness of the life or the quality of those works. Though they might altogether fail to discern the light of the Godhead shining through His humanity, yet they instinctively felt that an attempt to make

the course of such an One to waver or turn would be altogether futile. They had to combat with a force whose infinity they could not understand or conjecture. Their only plan for fulfilling their base designs was, therefore, to shake the confidence of the people by a series of lying reports, as to the motive and power of the wonders wrought by Christ.

Here we read of an embassy of spies sent down from Jerusalem to, if possible, waylay the speech and prevent the influence of the Saviour. Their arguments met with the most complete refutation by the Divine logic of the One against Whom they were inveighed, and although they screamed their anger and hatred, they could not gainsay His truth, and although before their spite and treachery had spent itself they had sentenced and slain Him, they were powerless to fasten the blast of sin upon His influence. This fact might well be remembered by those of His followers who are put in tight places by the haters of God and goodness. The life of a good man may be taken, but not the existence of his influence.

Weekly Watchword:

Vow and Pay.

Wilt thou, now that God hath raised thee up,
The vows, the promises, thy conscience made,
What time beneath God's chastening rod afraid,
Thou drank'st submissive of affliction's cup.
Wilt thou, in health, perform? Or wilt thou stoop
Again to sin, as if thou would'st unbraid
God for His kindness, all thy debts unpaid
Of gratitude, foregone thy Christian hope,
Thy tears, and prayers for pardon? If missused,
God's grace, bethink thee, lest thy end be worse
Than thy beginning. Mercy's boon refused,
Shall fall in judgment on thy soul per-verse,
That slight the gift, and goodness long abused,
Convert the intended blessing to a curse.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

What Should Become of Our Promises.—Ps. lxxvi. 11.

A promise is of no use unless it is kept. The weight of a vow is not measured by the length or multiplicity of its words, but by the exactness of its fulfilment. We sometimes pray that the promises of God, which the Bible tells us are yea and amen to those who are in Christ Jesus, may produce real facts in our experience. God asks no less of ours. Looking back over our past we learn it is not lack of vows that has marked its defects, nor of their renewal, but failure in their fulfilment.

MONDAY.

The Basest Ingratitude.—Job xxii. 27.

We pray, and if we pray aright expect to command the attention of Heaven, and abundant evidences have been given us that God's ear is quick to hear our broken confessions and faltering vows. Can we imagine more ingratitude than the careless spirit which, while eager to gain peace to conscience by vow-making, lacks in its efforts to keep from vow-breaking?

TUESDAY.

A Common Cause for Unfaithfulness.—Ps. lxvi. 13, 14.

Trouble is a great time for the making of promises. That would be a sad list which recorded all the promises to serve God made on sick beds, which have been belied as soon as the sufferer has regained strength, or vows to fulfil God's will if misfortune were averted, which have been forgotten as soon as prosperity is assured.

WEDNESDAY.

Better not Promise than Fail to Perform.—Eccl. vi. 3.

There is a sense in which it is better never to make a promise, than to make and then break it. Broken vows are an insult to God and a travesty of the spirit of religion. God says, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay," and the man who is careless about the carrying out of his word is as little depended upon by God as by man. A character that feels it easy to make and easy to break promises, invariably grows an unstable one.

THURSDAY.

A Model Consecration.—Ezra vii. 10.

Ezra made a good resolve—the best that can actuate the heart and control

the life. He was determined to seek the law which brings life to those who are submissive to it, death to those who are at variance with it, and he went the long step further which ensures the blessings of the law one's own by making up his mind to keep it. Ezra was a man whose vows were sacred promises.

FRIDAY.

Do not put off Payment.—Eccl. v. 4.

The prophet here speaks of the man who defers the fulfilment of his vow, as a fool. It is beyond doubt that he who plays with punctuality in the payment of his vow is more than likely to break it. Instant obedience, perfect obedience, cheerful obedience, was one father's motto for his children. It is a good one for the children of God to remember; much more so when they have vowed to fulfil His will.

SATURDAY.

The End of a Lie to God.—Acts v. 1-4.

This is one of the saddest stories in the Word of God. Here are two souls slain for sin of the most contemptible kind on the very steps of the altar of sacrifice. It is a fearful thing to lie to God. The soul which goes back upon its covenant evidently goes back upon its peace, and sooner or later upon its salvation.

A PRACTICAL TEST.

A Christian Chinese tailor thus describes the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity:

A man has fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius walked by, approached the edge of the pit, and said, "Poor fellow, I am sorry for you! Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice—if you ever get out, don't get in again!"

"I can't get out," said the man. That is Confucius.

A Buddhist priest next came by, and said: "Poor fellow! I am very pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest."

But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise.

That is Buddhism.

Next the Saviour came, and hearing his cries, went down to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up and said: "Go, sin no more!" That is Christianity.



Thursday Night, As We Were and as We Are.

To say that the announcements about Thursday night had aroused a keen curiosity is putting it mild. Everybody, even the officers, were in the dark as to what was exactly going to happen.

The whole arrangements for a "panoramic object lesson," to use a patent phrase of the G. S., were happily made. Everything went off like clockwork, and the attention of the vast crowd was so held that the flight of time was not noticed. The hours of the evening went by as a tale that is told, but it was a very pleasant, and what is more, a true tale—it was the story of hunger appeased; naked clothed; sickness comforted; prisoners visited; the hopeless aroused a new hope; the penitent brought to a pardoning God.

The march was the largest of any during the recent Anniversary Meetings. Four deep, headed by the Staff Band and the united city bands, the procession was an imposing one, and one calculated to let the people of Toronto know that the Army is a live concern, with open eyes and ears, as well as open hands and hearts.

The Temple was completely filled with a very responsive assemblage. After the usual preliminaries, the "panoramic object-lesson" began. At the right hand of the platform sat a Cadet, who raised a placard bearing the inscription:

OLD-TIME CORPS.

A door opened and in marched a typical procession, dressed in plain old-fashioned clothes; drum and flag and two lasses with the "original bonnet," leading the way. Mother Florence and Mrs. Medlock in mythical head-gears, Daddies Manton and Peacock, dressed in black with top-hats, Bro. Peacock especially looking like a tall edition of W. T. Stead, and a few others. The "corps" was received with deafening applause.

They formed an open-air ring on the platform, Bro. Manton prayed and Sister Wicksey sang a solo. Then they all marched off "amidst thunders of applause," as the Irishman said.

UP-TO-DATE BAND.

Scarcely had the old-timers disappeared through one door than in marched through another door the Staff Band,

in their splendid uniform, playing an up-to-date tune in their excellent manner. Needless to say, they were received with hearty cheers, and illustrated the development of the Army in a happy manner.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORKERS.

Again the band struck up and a procession of the gentler sex, led by Brigadier Mrs. Read, advanced to the platform. There was genuine applause at the sight of the devoted Sisterhood of the Cross. The Rescue lasses were dressed in white, with red sashes, and bore a white flag with the red cross; and the League of Mercy members wore mostly a light grey-blue garment, with white aprons and caps.

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave,"

was not only a very appropriate song for the platform, but is the song of their lives, although in everyday life the words are not formulated by the lips and the throat, but by the willing heart and hands and feet in the service of mercy and good cheer to the desolate.

The next placard announced:

MEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

The representatives were led by Brigadier Pugmire, the genial Social Secretary. There were the Shelter officers, the cooks in their white attire, the farmhands with pitch-fork and sickle, and a couple of "specimens" of the men we deal with. Ensign Hyde gave his testimony.

The following scene was a very unique and successful one.

THE LIFEBOAT CREW.

Adjutant DesBrisay and the women Cadets were attired in naval costume, each one bearing an oar with a watchword printed on it. The crew marched onto the platform with a uniform step and splendid bearing. They grouped themselves in front of the lifeboat and sang:

"Out in the life-boat speeding,
Over the sea of Time."

At the chorus the front file sat down in the boat and fixed their oars. Then changing the chorus into—

"Over and over, like a mighty sea," the crew commenced to row rhythmically to the tune. An enthusiastic cheer was given to the Cadets.

THE JUNIORS.

The different exercises with Indian clubs and bar-bells, etc., were well performed and elicited much comment and hearty claps. The children were dressed mostly in white, and presented a very creditable appearance. A recitation "Grumbler's Corner," by Junior Florence Evans, of Lisgar Street, was a pleasing feature. The Indian club drill had to be repeated.

The drills of Pearl and Willie, of the Commissioner's nursery, were specially appreciated, and formed a decidedly enjoyable number of the program.

The Timbrel Band, composed of nine little girls, arranged in organ-pipe-file, beating tambourines decorated with yellow, red and blue ribbon, showed that Miriam's instrument has not altogether been neglected by the S. A.

The Sleigh-bell Brigade was unique. Eight girls with sleigh-bells like necklaces played:

"And above the rest this note shall swell,
My Saviour has done all things well."

THE SALVATION FAMILY.

Bro. Ibbotson, and his six musical daughters, are well known in Toronto and vicinity; they are always sure of a full house when they go "specialling." They received their due share of

BLESSED OFFICERS' COUNCILS — THE FIELD COMMISSIONER AT HER BEST — THURSDAY'S MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION — THE WIND-UP AT LISGAR STREET.

The Officers' Councils.

The Field Commissioner's Unequalled Addresses.

The Field Commissioner's addresses on "What an up-to-date officer should be and do," were simply grand. The characteristics of a model officer were masterfully divided, pointedly dealt with, its possibility well illustrated, and the whole presented in a lucid, zealous and inspiring manner.

The final address on Jacob, on Wednesday evening, was especially remarkable. The words of truth etched themselves into our memory to be never forgotten. Light, and help, and blessing, and liberty, and power, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit fell upon us and deluged the council chamber. The devil is daily devising more cunning plans to damn souls—we must intelligently seek to meet him on his own ground, and by well-planned battles drive him out of his usurped territory. That the Field Commissioner's talks will immeasurably help us all to accomplish this every officer gladly acknowledged.

The Local Officers had permission to be present at the Tuesday afternoon council, and were truly grateful for this privilege.

It was especially noticeable that the officers had come prepared to take in and appropriate everything that might be helpful to improve themselves, their work and their people.

These councils can only be likened to great generators of spiritual energy; the officers are the storage batteries, that absorb and hold this energy, to spend it in their various appointments all over the Territory, and so they carry the blessed influence of the councils of 1899 to the East and the West, and enthrone the latest recruit with new courage and greater zeal to push the battle to the gates.

The officers also deserve credit, with a few exceptions only, for promptitude. A conspicuous sign was the fact that, on the whole, they were well provided with neat and serviceable uniform.

Tuesday Night, Soldiers' Meeting.

Tuesday was "Soldiers' night," and it is safe to say that such a soldiers' meeting as we had has not been before

experienced in this Territory. In spirit and power, and viewed in the light of the altar at 10:30, it eclipsed anything it has been our privilege during these seventeen years to see in this line. The Commissioner on "Elijah" was sublime, and her impressive sentences showed that the burden of the meeting weighed very heavily upon her.

The Lippincott barracks was packed. To make room below for the soldiers, Brigadier Gaskin "exhibited" all the single male officers on the platform. What a chance for the single lady officers to "view the landscape o'er"! Surely this was not in the Brigadier's mind! After stowing away the single officers, there was just about enough room to hold us all, and without interruption we sat till near 11 p.m., fairly drinking in the blessed truths as they came from the Commissioner's lips and heart. All the Toronto soldiery were there, and, of course, all officers. The uniform predominated, but the long feather with which Brigadier Friedrich decorated himself showed that some young convert had sought deliverance from fashion's fetters.

Major and Mrs. Hargrave sang to us "It's rolling in," the chorus of which we sang heartily.

Then followed the Commissioner, and for over an hour and a half, close, intelligent, and earnest attention was centred on soul matters, and the story of Elijah helped us to measure up our own experiences.

It would be impossible to convey to our readers any adequate description of the Commissioner's address. The best tribute to its effectiveness was the wrapt attention paid to it to the very finish. It was full of point and direct appeal to the conscience, and went home, as it was intended to.

We find no word sufficiently far-reaching to commemorate the scene we witnessed that night. By the light of cold fact we might record that 60 comrades publicly availed themselves of the opportunity to seek just what, by the Spirit of God, they had been led to. That sounds like as though it must have been an exceptionally good time, and in truth it was. Brigadier Pugmire, who must have been taking lessons from Colonel Lawley, had us hand-clapping and praying, and singing, and so on. The Commissioner was there to the very finish, and cheered us on from time to time.

The wind-up was in the usual "apostolic" style, everybody shaking hands with everybody else, with smiles on all faces. It is to be expected that some found their hillets in darkness; with the folks in bed.



A
RECITATION

cheers when they entered the platform on Thursday night, the father leading with the concertina, the girls, ranging from six to fourteen, dressed in neat uniform, standing in semi-circle, playing violin, guitar, banjo, cello and triangle—the family was a striking illustration of the music that enters a home when salvation enters the heart.

CORPS CADET CLASS.

The latest department of our home training for field service in the Army is the Corps Cadet System. A very creditable showing was made by a class of the Corps Cadets, who readily and pointedly answered the questions put to them. Johnny Mason, who has an excellent voice, sang a solo, and in response to the uproarious applause sang also:

"A boy's best friend is his mother."

There is only one opinion of the different representations, including twelve distinct numbers; everybody was delighted and enjoyed everything immensely. The proceedings were directed by Brigadier Gaskin, who deserves every credit.

THE PROVINCIAL OFFICERS' ADDRESSES.

Colonel Jacobs next called to the front the seven P. O.'s, also a few others, who



The Musical Family.

by the excellent music rendered by the special orchestra, led by Miss Booth, whose renown as harpist has suddenly added another to her many accomplishments. The plaintive tune:

"I have pleasure in His service,"

rang out clear and exquisite from the strings of two harps, and the accompani-

pressing the gratitude, loyalty and devotion of the Canadian troops.

The memorable gathering closed with a passionate prayer of thanksgiving by the Field Commissioner.

Sunday,

The End Thereof.

A Wind-up at Lisgar St.—The Chief Secretary in Command—The P.O.'s and H.Q. Staff Present.

The final rally of the Anniversary campaign honored the West End with a troupe of elite specials. Lisgar Street was the favored focus of the galaxy of Territorial talent gathered in Toronto during the past week. The Provincial Officers valued the prospect of a day's lieutenantcy to the Chief Secretary, and despite the natural fatigues of "council week," showed themselves in good salvation trim. The only absentees were Brigadier Sharp and Major McMillan, the former having had to leave the city, and the latter, we are sorry to relate, having been taken suddenly sick the day before. The Colonel was also assisted by the leading officers of Headquarters and the Staff Band. With this large and distinguished company, the open-air and marches were extensive and striking. The night's outside meeting, before a large saloon, was located there by special request of the proprietor, who had illumined his frontage of its electric lights on purpose that the band might be able to see their music. To the credit of the local magnates be it spoken that the soldiers turned out well and the corps band made an effective tail-piece to the long march of which the Staff musicians took the lead.

THE MORNING.

There was a fair muster to the holiness meeting, which was chiefly taken up by some of the Provincial lights which adorned the platform. The Colonel gave the four speakers due warning that in the time all went one would have to drop out. Major Southall was heard making audible comment, "Will it be I?"

Mrs. Brigadier Howell's testimony had the right ring about it. Seventeen years since she had put her all on the altar, and had never had any desire to take

back her consecration. She told of her deep yearnings after the knowledge of God, which had often found voice in midnight hours. Mrs. Major Pickering, who also spoke, declared a salvation of sixteen years' standing, which was more precious and real to her to-day than ever.

The outspoken testimony of the versatile P. O. of West Ontario was well appreciated. He quoted the verse of a song just sung, "To know that He is fully mine and I am fully His," and briefly said that this was the question agitating his mind during the six weeks of up and down experience, at the end of which he came to the conclusion that he would either secure this fulness of knowledge, or throw over the religion so lately received once and for all. Not that he had any doubts about his salvation. The transformation wrought that night, when he broke his promise to boon companions to meet them at the saloon (his first and last broken promise) and went to the Army barracks to hear his old friend, now his Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Phillips, farewell for the Training Home, was too real for that. All the same, the means which his office associates took to find out "how far his religion went in" considerably ruffled him, and though outwardly cool, he was conscious of a desire to have his persecutor in the secluded stock-room, that he might settle him. "For," he said, "for all I was saved and was certain of it as I was alive, I wouldn't stand any monkeying, boys." These symptoms convinced the future Major of a decided lack which he got supplied in the blessing of a clean heart at one of Colonel Pearson's meetings.

Major Pickering's Bible lesson followed. His topic was a religion of results. This he claimed to be the great lesson of the Anniversary. Jesus Christ expected results in the servant and soldier of His cause; these fruits were, one, the love that springs from a pure heart; two, the joy of the Holy Ghost, and three, the sacrifice which takes hold of the heart of the people and pulls the sympathy and purse - strings of the well - to - do. Then, the world expects results. Here the Major gave the adverse illustration of his first employer, who, though a local preacher on Sunday, taught his clerk to cheat systematically on the Monday. If half the Christian world lived out the principles it professed the world would be saved. The three causes for lack of fruit bearing were lack of prayer, lack of service, and unconfessed sin; any or all of which would bring about a withered soul.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts drew in the net. His apt illustration from his boyhood of the disappointing plum tree made a good point. One sister responded to the invitation.

AFTER DINNER.

An excellent crowd awaited the incoming of the afternoon's march. The hour and a-half which followed was inspiring. Brigadier Pugmire in leading a brisk testimony meeting told a tale about "wild rabbits and tame bunnies," which sent several onto their feet.

Brigadier's Howell's solo went well. "Jesus knows all about our struggles" has caught the fancy of a good many, judging by the spirit with which they sang it. The chorus sent the glory into Staff-Capt. Manton's feet, who was inspired to dance a jig with Adj. Wiseman.

(Continued on page 13.)



Brigadier Sharp's Anniversary Address.

represented various branches of the work, to present their Anniversary Addresses to the Commissioner.

The various addresses in full will be seen on different pages of this issue.

Major Turner especially distinguished himself by the choice of ready words; Brigadier Sharp's address bears framing; Major Pickering's is a fine example of penmanship, while the remainder were decorated in various styles.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S SPEECH.

Colonel Jacobs delivered the Anniversary address in his able and pointed manner. Statistics of advances were given, which showed a goodly increase in soldiers, attendance, income, Juniors, Band of Love membership, etc. There was every reason for congratulating ourselves upon our accomplishments during the last twelve months.

A very enjoyable feature—especially by the officers concerned—was a number of promotions. Ensigns Fox, Kenidall and Orchard became Adjutants; while the following Captains were promoted to the Staff and will now bear the title of Ensign: Capts. Branigan, W. Jones, McLeod, Hoddinott and Slote. Other promotions are to follow.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The climax of the meeting was reached

ment on violins, mandolines and cello swelled the volume of sound and produced a thrilling harmony.

A cablegram to the General was framed and despatched from the meeting, ex-



Corps Cadet Class.